Keep Your Conscience Down by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

It's been one month since Billy and Steve's graduation party and Hopper's given both boys a fairly wide berth. He's not ready to talk about what happened that night. He doesn't want to talk about it. He's been perfectly happy living in denial, and yet here they are, standing on his doorstep in the midsummer heat blinking up at him expectantly.

Sequel to Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide.

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Author's Note:

> The sequel to the threesome that nobody asked for!
>
> I was so pleased and taken aback by the response to Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide. I really enjoyed writing the Billy/Steve/Hopper dynamic and I knew as soon as I started that it wouldn't be the last time. Over the last few weeks I've been playing with a few different versions of a sequel. This is finally the one that I settled on. There's a bit of angst, a bit of fluff, some feels, and laughs. I really hope you enjoy it.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, kudos/con-crit/comments much appreciated!
> FYI, I know the quote is "Danger, Will Robinson", but Hopper is an older man and so "Danger, Mrs. Robinson" is a play on words indicative of the inappropriate age difference...'cause I'm clever like that, or something.
>
> Title has been borrowed from Tove Lo's Don't Talk About It. I pretty much had the albums Lady Wood and Blue Lips on loop while I was writing.

Jim Hopper had been prepared for exactly one third of what greeted him when he opened the cabin door.

Max beams up at him, front and center, with her sleeping bag under one arm and her board under the other, ready for her girls' night in with Jane. Steve is slumped sheepishly behind her, a shy smile playing across his lips. Billy is planted firmly to her right with his legs spread and arms crossed, an unlit cigarette dangling from between his lips.

It's been one month since Billy and Steve's graduation party and Hopper's given both boys a fairly wide berth. He's not ready to talk about what happened that night. He doesn't *want* to talk about it. He's

been perfectly happy living in denial, and yet here they are, standing on his doorstep in the midsummer heat blinking up at him expectantly.

"Uh, Jane's in her room," he says intelligently.

Max bounces on the balls of her feet with a smile and books it inside in a flurry of red throwing a "Thanks, Hopper" over her shoulder. Steve seems to fill the void in her absence, closing the space between him and Billy.

"Boys," he greets gruffly.

Hopper can't help but notice the flush that blooms across Steve's cheekbones when he speaks or the way Billy's tough guy facade seems to crack, just a little, as he finally shifts his stance into something a bit more comfortable. The opening chords of Cyndi Lauper's Money Changes Everything spill into the living room from beyond Jane's door and Hopper is thankful for the cover it grants them.

"Hop," Steve says.

"Been a while," Billy murmurs, cigarette swaying as he speaks.

Hopper scratches at the back of his neck, thinks about what a disgustingly obvious tell it is and clears his throat, "Yeah, I. I've been busy."

"We've ah, missed seeing you around," Steve says softly, reaching out and twisting his fingers into the fabric of Billy's denim jacket. The same jacket he'd been wearing that night when he'd climbed into Hopper's lap and called him Daddy. The same jacket he'd been wearing when he'd ridden Hopper's thigh until he came in his pants. The same jacket he'd been wearing when him and Steve tag-teamed Hopper's traitorous dick. *Fuck*.

"I've missed you too, kid," he finds himself saying, because he's weak, "Both of you."

Billy glances down to where Steve's fingers are tangled in his jacket and then back up to Hopper's face, "So you gonna invite us in, or

what?"

"Listen, the girls-" Hopper starts with the excuse so clear on his tongue, but stops when Billy takes a step forward into his space, sparkling blue eyes levelly meeting his own.

"Are busy with their fuckin' slumber party," Billy cuts in, voice low and gaze flitting between Hopper's eyes and his lips, "You gonna let them have all the fun?"

Hopper *should* put a stop to this. But Steve looks so fucking hopeful, and Billy so goddamn hungry that Hopper finds himself stepping aside to let them in. Steve bites his lips to conceal a grin as he slips past. Billy runs a finger down Hopper's chest and flicks his belt buckle as he follows. Hopper is in so much trouble.

Hopper sighs in resignation as he shuts the door behind them. Billy's already kicked off his boots and tucked his cigarette behind his ear; made himself comfortable on one end of the sofa, feet propped up on the coffee table and arms splayed almost possessively over the back. Steve curls in against his side, watching Hopper curiously. Hopper can feel Steve's big, brown doe eyes tracking his every move. It's unnerving.

"You boys want anything to drink?"

"How 'bout a beer," Billy says, aiming for casual, "You don't mind, do you, Chief?"

Hopper swallows hard, "No," he answers, because honestly a couple of beers is the least of his worries right now, "Steve?"

"Beer's great. Thanks, Hop."

Hopper joins them with three beers clasped between his large hands. Billy snatches his bottle by the neck, quickly sucking it into his mouth with an obscene slurp as the liquid foams up and over the top. Hopper tries to ignore the heat it ignites in his belly. *Fails*. Steve's lips part, innocently enough, as his fingers brush Hopper's against the cold condensed glass, but somehow that's even worse than watching Billy blow the goddamn bottle.

Hopper takes a seat at the opposite end of the couch, purposely putting as much space as he can between them. He doesn't miss the way Steve's brows draw up in disappointment. Hurt, maybe. Hopper wants to reach out and touch him, but settles for taking a long pull on his beer instead. He downs half in one go and by the time he pulls off with a pop Billy looks even hornier than he had when he pushed his way inside. Danger, Mrs. Robinson.

"So."

"So," Billy echoes back. Steve's drawn his knees up toward his chest, beer balanced precariously on top as he observes the tense silence between them.

"Look, if this is about," Hopper pauses, trying to choose his words carefully, "What happened at the party. You know that can't happen again, don't you?"

"Can't," Steve repeats slowly. Billy's unoccupied fingers find the back of Steve's neck and give a gentle squeeze. His stupid doe eyes are already starting to go glossy and Hopper sighs heavily.

"Don't worry, baby," Billy says softly, "He doesn't mean it."

Billy looks awfully sure of himself when Hopper meets the weight of his gaze.

"Billy," Hopper warns quietly.

"Daddy," Billy counters with a rasp.

Hopper feels the word, *that word*, like a pistol whip. It hits him hard and he goes dizzy with it. Steve's breathing has picked up, heart jack-rabbiting despite the fact that he's gone absolutely still at Billy's side.

"The girls-" Hopper tries again and it sounds weak even to his own ears.

"Can't hear a fuckin' thing over that teeny-bopper bullshit."

Sirens are going off in his head. There's not enough booze or weed to numb the wrongness of it this time, as Billy urges Steve closer. As

Steve sets his beer down and fucking crawls across the couch to straddle his lap. As Hopper lets him. As Billy swallows down the last of his beer and plasters himself against Hopper's side. Hopper's fingers twitch helplessly. He wants to stop. He wants to touch. He wants.

And so he takes.

Hopper's hands find Steve's thin hips and pin him down, right where he really wants him. Where he's been thinking about having him every night in bed for the last month when he takes himself in hand and strokes himself off with an urgency he hasn't felt since he was a teen. *Since I was their age*, his brain supplies, and he needs that thought like he needs a hole in the head.

Steve's whining, hands coming up and fisting in Hopper's old threadbare t-shirt, but Billy is there, fingers pressing against Steve's lips to quiet him.

"Shh," he whispers, "Don't want to get us caught, baby. Daddy wouldn't like that."

Hopper feels sick with disgust and want, so much want as Steve rolls his hips down and Hopper can feel how fucking hard he is already. Billy's fingers curl around Hopper's jaw with purpose. Hopper's lips are met with Billy's wicked tongue. He is parted and devoured and Hopper's gotta hand it to him. Billy is a really good kisser. He wonders how many girls he's had to practice on. How many boys. The sickness in his gut flares again, stoked this time by a jealousy and possessiveness he has no right to feel.

Billy suckles on his tongue with a slick sound that has Hopper's cock throbbing where it's pressed against Steve. Billy breaks the kiss with a smirk. They've won and he knows it. Hopper may as well enjoy it.

"Hop," Steve whimpers desperately.

"Yeah, baby?"

Steve is at a loss for words. He looks to Billy, frantic, and something unspoken passes between them.

"Show Daddy what you want, baby," Billy urges.

Hopper holds his breath as Steve's fingers curl around his own and tug his hand between his long legs. Steve squeezes and presses until Hopper's cupping him through his jeans. Hopper moans as Steve's cock surges beneath his touch. The kid is fucking hung. Hopper soothes his thumb over Steve's cockhead until his jeans grow dark and damp with precome and Steve is trembling against him.

Given his nearly thirty years experience it takes him much longer than it should for Hopper to pull Steve out of his jeans with shaking hands. Steve's cock is long, thick, and dripping wet. His pupils are blown as he takes in the sight of Hopper's fingers curling around his length. He cries out as Hopper's thumb swipes over his leaking slit, but Billy is there again, pressing his fingers into Steve's mouth to quiet him. The music has stopped.

"I know, baby. I know you wanna tell Daddy how much you like it, but you gotta be quiet. Can you be quiet, baby?" Billy's talking to Steve but his eyes are watching Jane's door carefully. Max cackles loudly as She Bop starts up and Billy has never been so thankful to hear a fucking Cyndi Lauper song in his life. When it appears they're in the clear he slips his fingers from Steve's mouth.

"Sorry, fuck, sorry," Steve hisses, hips pumping up into Hopper's fist.

Hopper cradles Steve's head with his free hand, panting as he pulls him in so he can murmur against his ear, "It's okay, sweetheart."

Billy rears up onto his knees, tugs at Hopper's hair until he can capture his lips again. The kiss is sloppier this time, more desperate. Billy breaks the kiss, holds Hopper right where he wants him as he turns and his lips find Steve's. Hopper watches breathlessly as Billy fucks his tongue into Steve's mouth, as Steve's tongue twists and tangles to meet him. Billy swallows every whimper and whine that pours its way out of Steve until Steve's hips start hitching helplessly, until his cock swells in Hopper's grip.

"Fuck, coming, I'm coming," Steve mewls into Billy's mouth, body going taut against Hopper.

It starts slow, a hot thick pulse that erupts from Steve's cock and drips down Hopper's fist. And then Billy tips himself back, clearly prepared in a way that Hopper isn't for how the next rope spurts up Hopper's clothed chest and into his beard.

"Jesus Christ," Hopper swears as Steve continues to come, rope after rope of hot jizz splattering between them until Steve is trembling, oversensitive and sobbing with relief.

Billy strokes Steve's hair off his sweaty forehead, "Fuck, Steve. So good. Christ, look at you, huh? Fuckin' perfect."

Hopper can feel Steve's spunk soaking through his shirt, his jeans. He's so hard it hurts. A cursory glance at Billy tells him the kid isn't fairing any better. Billy nuzzles into Hopper's cheek, tongue flicking out to lap Steve's come out of his beard. Hopper shivers at the lewdness of the act, the depravity.

"Goddamn, you are somethin', aren't you, sweetheart?" Hopper growls, sucking Billy's tongue into his mouth, tasting Steve.

Billy tugs frantically at Steve's sleeve until Steve is cupping Billy through his jeans, grinding the heel of his palm into Billy's cock, "My turn."

Steve opens his mouth to reply, but then Jane's door swings open and Hopper stands up so quickly Steve tumbles backwards off his lap and onto the floor.

"Eggos!" Jane announces excitedly as Steve scrambles to put his dick away.

Swearing under his breath Billy snatches an afghan off the back of the sofa, *thinking fast*, and throws it at Hopper with an abominable lack of finesse. Hopper drapes it over his shoulders and around his body with a grimace, because a) Steve's come is starting to cool and b) how much more fucking obvious could he be.

Apparently way more fucking obvious is the answer as Billy places a throw pillow over his lap to hide his erection. Hopper shakes his head and Billy shrugs, wrinkles his nose in a silent fuck you. Steve

has pulled himself together enough to rejoin Billy on the couch. Well, aside from the mussed up hair and kiss bitten lips and sweat glistening on his collar bones.

Max makes a face as as she follows Jane into the kitchen, "What are you two assholes still doing here?"

"None of your goddamn business," Billy replies at the same time Steve shrugs and says, "Hanging out."

Max narrows her gaze at the two of them before pointing at Steve, "You look funny."

"You look fuckin' funny," Billy snaps back before swiping Steve's beer off the coffee table for a pull.

Hopper sighs heavily, rubbing at his temples, "Could we just...not."

"Jim, are you cold?" Jane asks, suddenly way too close for comfort.

"Uh. Mmhmm. Yep, I'm cold. It's cold," Hopper nods slowly, clutching the blanket.

Max looks from Billy and Steve to Hopper and back again before shaking her head, "Boys are weird."

Hopper eyes find Billy and Steve curled back together on the sofa watching him with secretive smiles and a warm fondness sweeps up and over him.

"Yeah. You got that right, kid."